PRAY REMEMBER

JACK.

WHEN ſcarce a handſpike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do me I,
But I pikes it off to ſea.
Says I to ſweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and ſing tol lol de rol lol;
If not, remember Jack.
I'd fortin ſmooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer,
Tho' hard knocks I'd nab'd enough
On boa'd a privateer.
Prop'd on a wooden peg,
Poll, I thought, would bid me pack,
So I was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
And 'twas Pray remember Jack.
I ax'd as folks hove by,
And ſhew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls would ſometimes ſigh,
And gaping lubbers grin.
In vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my ſhare of coppers ſmall,
To Pray remember Jack.
One day, my lockers bare,
And toggs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd a bearing down;
'Twas Poll, ſhe look'd ſo ſpruce,
What! thus, ſays ſhe, come back?
My tongue forgot its uſe,
And Pray remember Jack.
What matters much to prate?
She'd ſhiners ſav'd a few;
So I became her mate,
Warn't Poll a ſweetheart true?
Then a friend I'd ſarv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remember'd Jack.
So, what tho' I loſt my leg,
It ſeem'd to fortin mend,
And was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King, old England, Poll,
My ſhipmate juſt come back,
Then laugh and ſing, tol lol de rol lol,
And Pray remember Jack.

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